

Rich^d Law.

W E A L T H out-witted:

O R,

MONEY'S an ASS.

^A
C O M E D Y.

Often Acted with good applause

Written by Tho. Jordan, Gent.

*Et veniam pro laude peto, Laudatus abunde,
Non fastiditus si tibi Lector ero.*

Mart. Epig.



L O N D O N,

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Author



W. W. Greg

Park Lodge

1931



George Thorn-Drury.

THE passing of George Thorn-Drury is a loss to English Literature which only those who are aware of the extent of his knowledge of our lesser known writers are able to appreciate. He was no mere collector, but a diligent student of the books he gathered together. The list of books published under his editorship is a small one, and does not by any means represent the sum of his contribution to the scholarship of his day, for out of the wealth of his learning he was ever ready to assist other workers in the field which was so much his own. He gave of his knowledge generously and without stint, and almost every living student of seventeenth-century literature has had occasion to acknowledge the valuable aid he unostentatiously gave. He was saturated with the spirit that filled the great collectors of the past—those who have done most to promote the study of English Literature—and I am sure the future will forge for him another link in the chain which binds together such honoured names as Luttrell, Bindley, Malone, Park, Bliss, Mitford and Haslewood.

Born in Canterbury in 1860, he was educated at King's School, Canterbury, and Worcester College, Oxford. Called to the Bar by the Inner Temple in 1885 he was made a Bencher of his Inn in 1921. In 1913 he became K.C. and in 1920 Recorder of Dover. I think the time spent in his University days among the wonderful collection of books which his College possesses must have helped materially to implant in him the love of and for the books which he himself slowly gathered together, assisted perhaps by his early friendship with Harry Buxton Forman and Arthur H. Bullen. He began purchasing from my father in or about 1885. My father valued his friendship exceedingly and held him in the highest esteem. The friendship he bestowed upon my father he continued to myself, and it is with gratitude and in all sincerity I record the fact—no man could have or wish for better friend.

His methodical habit of jotting down every scrap of information that came to his hand, and the careful preservation of the same, will prove of the utmost value to future students. His annotated and enlarged copies of such books as Winstanley's *Lives of the Poets*, Langbaine's *Dramatick Poets*, Giles Jacob's *Poetical Register*, Cibber's *Lives of the Poets*, the *Poems on Affairs of State* and a long series of the works of separate authors, contain the results of his labours, and form a mass of material that will rank with the Malone and Bliss collections already in the Bodleian, and serve as a lasting memorial to his memory.

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This is a private issue of the play published in 1668
as Money is an Ass. I have not heard of any other
copy.

Rich. Law.
W E A L T H
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MONEY'S an ASS.

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Often Abled with good Applaud

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He receives pro lunde puto, Eandant aduante,
Non fastidium & tibi Lector, etc.
Mant. Epig.



L O N D O N

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*To the Noble Nourisher, Prudent Preserver,
and Cheerfull Cherisher of all vertuous Wit, and Laudable Learning.*

JOHN PHILLIPS, Esq;

IN such a Season (which sometimes falls out
With many very busied Men no doubt)

When you are free from all such thoughts and
As do attend your secular Affairs (Cares,

Those stirring Studies that are spent upon
Publick and private Preservation,

In your Complacent Humour, when you find

Your Self dispos'd in Body and in Mind,

For Jocularity; When y're at Leisure,

To turn all trivial Objects into Pleasure.

When to your Recreation all things bowe;

(In brief) when you have nothing else to do,

Peruse this Comedy: For every Rhyme

There to be Read, was Writ at such a Time:

The Epistle.

If, as 'twas writ, it may be read, this *Present*
Will not appear Improper or Unpleasant.
Errours you'll find good store, which, if you do
Pray pardon them, they'll serve to Laugh at too :
Although I Guesse your Inclinations be,

Not given to *Dramatick* Poesie.

Yet, since it is the pleasure of this Age,
To Re-erect the Ruins of the Stage ;
And put Her in such Dignity and Splendor,
That *Italy* it self may now attend Her.
I hope You will not with an angry Look
Peruse your *Name* prefixed to this Book.

This Play was writ by *Me*, & pleas'd the Stage

When I was not full fifteen Years of Age.

But ne're in Print till now ; If rawly Writ,

Consider 'twas *subannuated Wit* :

Callow Conceptions, new come to the Light,

Which since are Fleth'd & Fledg'd for freer flight.

Those days were spent in Love-lines, Drolls and Laughter,

'Tis time now to be serious ; hereafter

To younger Heads, I'll leave these Ayre things,

And plume my *Poetry* with *Pious Wings*.

Continuing, in all Conditions, your

Gratefully Humble Servant,

Tho. Jordan.



Moneys an Afs.

Act the First,

Enter Mr, *Featherbrain*, Solus,

Feath. **A**L's lost, Pox oth Dice, Fortune hath spun me a fair
 thred, the Devil reel it, me thinks I walk like one,
 that left himself in pawn, at an Ordinary, I mean
 his Reputation, and now my Sattin is converted to modest stuff,
 my *Quandam* Assotiates look upon me as upon a man scarce
 within ken: and I saith I having a spice, oth.— Gentleman in
 me, take as little notice of them.— Oh youth what has thy
 prodigallity brought thee to, the time was, I have not had
 so much time, as to talk to my self thus, But Poverty, is an
 Excommunicate and there is no purchasing of an absolution, with-
 out ready money— oh,— he is the honestest Rogue in the
 world, if he were not so fugative, I had the happinets to see him
 tother day, he was so busie betwixt a young Heir, and a Uiserer,
 he loves a Lotterie with his heart, But if he but look on an Hos-
 pital the Gout takes him this is he,
 as I take it, I Cannot very well
 tell, he is almost become my smal
 Acquaintance, and that's his Nin-
 gle Credit, goes Cheek by Choul with him.— I would fain
 endeer my self Noble Mr. *Money*, Kind Mr. *Credit*,

Enter *Money*
 and *Credit*.

B

Alc.

Mo. Ningle Credit, dost thou know this fellow.

Cred. Why do you injure me so, Ningle Money.

Mo. Injure thee, how.

Cred. Why in having an Ambiguous thought

I should know a man, that looks so like a ———

Fea. Theif or Cutpurse, I warrant, let me help you with a terme Sir — a poor Gentleman, and it please you

Cred. I was cene thinking upon as bad a Terme

Mo. Why he knows thee, it seems.

Cred. Say you so, let me look better upon him.

Fea. And your worship would please to remember, I have been often in Company with you, as I remember, and the last place I see you in, was at in and in, in *Graves Inn* you slipt from me the strangest.

Cred. Upon my credit Ningle I remember him---he told me so, for he would have had me pass my word for Twenty pounds to old *Clutch* the hoorder, to whose Daughters, we are now repairing.

Mo. I do remember you Prodigal Sir.

Fea. That's my Character indeed.

Mo. You parted Slightly from me, and for which cause you may associate your self with Mr. Penniless, hee's a most fit companion, and will not leave your company so soon.

Fea. Thank you Sir. most kindly--- the mean time, lend me Ten pounds, this Gentleman your Ningle, will pass his word.

Cred. No not I, I must not injure so my friend, I am many Millions in his debt already.

Mo. Come Ningle will you walk.

Cred. Willingly.

Fea. Hark you Sir, hark you, or will you but dictate a---

Cred. Stay stay, I love to understand things as I goe, what do you mean Sir to dictate,

Fea. Why Sir. write a Letter Two or Three lines to your Mercer in my behalf, to put my self in better habit.

Cred. Pray pardon me Sir I did think that Dictate, had no good meaning Sir. when you can Dictate, into favour again with my friend I shall give you more Audience — Audience theres another word for your Dictate, and so farewell to you Sir.

Exit Money and Credit.

Fea.

Fed. Mr. Money, Mr. Credit, Gentlemen a word more gone, may the Goute take one, and the Devil crack t'other, I need not Curse them, for by their own works they are entering into a Consumption, Old Clutch the grand Devil of Usury he has a necessary Damnation for them both (his two Daughters) necessary evils, to train them, well in the days of old, when any fortunes flourish'd they have both look'd on me, as no unworthy object, if I had and Itch that way these two Rogues, would be my Antagonists, if my brains have not gone more after mony, and credit, I shall have that in Agitation, may do me a pleasure in my time of need and make of these Chymists Asles.

'Tis hatching be it succesful, If it prove

My loss, but gets me Wisdome, Wisdome Love,

(Exit)

Scene the Second.

Enter Clutch Felixina and Feminia.

Clutch. Come my *Felixina*, dear *Feminia*, fie pine no more; husbands are now in search, but I would match you richly, richly Girls — and please your own minds too, *Felixina* I know you think worthyly of *Mr. Money*.

Felix. I never saw him yet Sir :

Clutch. Right, why doe I say you think but worthyly of him for when you shall but see him (oh) joyful sight you will admire him then.

Felix. He is your object then, therefore rendering my obedience to your Age I willingly embrace him.

Clutch. *Thou would'st say thus I know*

Th'art my obedient Girl continue see

Felix. 'Tis well he spoke it for me, for I protest 'twas far from my thought, in this case my mind tells me, 'twill have it's own dispose for all your Avarice, your will.

Fem. You are always talking to her of Husbands, and Sutors but you forget for me, I wis, I am as sick oth Maiden disease as my Sister, for all she is my elder.

Clutch. And you shall both be cured if *Money* and *Credit* be prevailing Physicians, did not I tell thee of Mr. *Credit*.

Fem. No, O my credit Sir.

Clutch. O thy *Credit*, and thy *Credit* shall he be *Isaith Calumney*, within there — *Calumney*.

Calum. Did you call Sir.

Clutch. Is not this the day and hour *Money* and *Credit* were to keep their words with me,

Calum. Yes, but Ile be hang'd, and some such Rogue as your self, such a Hell Jaw, do not swallow them before you see them.

Clutch. Say not so, good *Callumney*, put me in better comfort.

Callum. The Devil put you in comfort, hee's like to be better rewarded, than I, me thinks he might be more *Officious*, for 'twill not be long, ere he must receive his due, when is you Lease out Sir.

Fem. But hast not thou seen thy Golden Sweet-heart, yet.

Felix. Nor ever care, unless he be of the true *Coyne* and current mettle.

Fem. But I hope you'll be a good child, and do as your Father bids you.

Felix. What need you care, you shall be married with *Credit*.

Fem. And you to *Money*, then we will call Sisters no more but Ningles, as our Husbands do.

Clutch. Good *Callumney* be *Officious* 't shall be for thy good, I have a Trap for *Money*, do thou but ayd, thou shalt supplant him, and marry my Eldest Daughrer, contain thy sullen Humour tip thy tongue with words more flattering.

Callum. You'll be hang'd, ere you'll keep your word.

Clutch. Doeest think, I am a *Pagan*.

Callum. You are a *Uiserer*, and that's *Couzen German*, let the Devil be Judge — but ile believe you, and on these conditions endeavour for you all that I can, *Aside*

Heeres the Fathers Consent, if I can but obtain the squeamest Whences---- the looks upon me with no scornful eye ; Ile put fair for it could I but rule my tongue, there were some hope.

*Enter Money
and Credit,*

Clutch. Practise my Counsell,

See

See they are, Arriv'd kind Mr. *Money* let me hugg thee, let me imbrace thee, thy voice is heavenly Musique, thy face bewitches th'art my dearest Idol.

Callum. Now the Devil huggs his darling.

Clutch, Next Mr. *Credit*, ye are a pair of Creatures the whole world adores, and happiest am I that must enjoy ye, I am divid'd twixt ye, you inseperable souls.

Mo. We keep our words you see.

Cred. VVe are not meerly Promisers.

Clutch, VVhy look you now, you'^t make me angry with you do ye think I had a thought, you were unjust no by my honesty----- these are my Daughters Gentlemen, two bashful younglings about their years, it was my fault I faith, which since I must confess I have amended.

Callum. I fear money will be my rival, the Rogue hath a bewitching Countenance, I wonder the wench looks with no more affectionate eye upon him, fate has ordain'd her mine.

Mo. Pardon my boldness Lady, 'tis a fault has been by all, excused, me that now I am to seek of Modesty, to court so fair a Mistress.

Felix. Yet you are mine, best beauty.

Callum. This Money has an excellent tongue.

Cred. By Credits self, an Oath, I dare not break, I am your infinite admirer.

Fem. Are you Cadeedlo.

Cred. I dare not take that Oath, unless I knew the meaning.

Fem. Oh me do you not know the meaning of Cadeedlo.

Cred. No i'l assure you.

Fem. I'll tell you then, in that one word Cadeedlo, is concluded, all the Oaths man can invent.

Crel. 'Tis a most dangerous Oath, but yet her beauty so enticeth me, that rather then i'l loose her love, i'l undertake to swear it,---- Then Lady that you may believe, I do admire you, and in that admiration, give my self your Zealous Lover, to you I swear, Cadeedlo I admire you.

Cal. Go thy ways, thou deserv'st her, for thou has sworn most desperately for her.

Clutch, Take no repulse---- be not slightly denied,

Musique

Musique, Oh Heavenly;

(Shakes money)

Cal. Now the Devil whispers them i' th' ears,

Clutch, A handsome mans Daughter---- mark but his sweet Language, my own Boys both,

Mo. If you'd desire an Oath, by this pure Gold----

Clutch, Tak's Oath Daughter, tak's Oath, 'tis a rich protestation, not us'd by every Gallant (*Calum*) I have not seen so many good faces this two dayes.

Felix. 'Tis your will Sir,

Mo. Pray take it, I have an Exchequer, more, stands ready for thee, and by that Gold, made purer by your hand I am your Honourer.

Felix. I do not question the nobleness of your love, which you term Honour, but give me so sure the freedome of my soul to contemplate before I give you Answer.

Mo. I did not love you, if I should not, command your time.

Felix. One day no more,

Mo. Willingly, most willingly.

Calum. But one day I must prevent you, Love and Policy be my Aid.

Cred. Will you not swear then.

Fem. To what Sir.

Cred. Why; that you admire me, as I admire you.

Fem. Indeed, I do admire you.

Cred. Indeed, Pox of indeeds, swear me Cadeedlo.

Fem. As I am vertuous I admire you.

Cred. What care I for your vertue---- whats that to Cadeedlo the Oath I swore.

Fem. Pardon me Sir-- -, pray hear me Sir.

Clutch, VVhat is the difference between you.

Fem. Ther's no difference Sir, we, we Sympathize infinitely,

Clutch, I am glad on't.

Cred. A word with you Sir, you know your language, better then I, pray what does she mean by Sympathize.

Clutch, Sympathize, do you not know the meaning of Sympathize, come hither *Calumney*, what is Sympathize,

Cullum. To concurr I think.

Clutch, VVhat was it Sir Sympathize, this roguish girls, troubles

bles all our Noddles with hard words, they did not come to her by the Fathers side, I am sure, why Sympathize is to concurr.

Cred. To concurr, thats true, for indeed we did begin to snarl one at another----. Yet there is some other meaning Ningle Money, a word with you, you are not busie are you, what is the meaning, of concurr, if you know not ask your Mistress.

Felix. VVhy concurr, is to Sympathize Sir.

Cred. And Sympathize, is to concurr----- Sir, what is meant by Sympathize, or concurr, i'l keep to my self. But your Daughter might use me more kindly.

Clutch, Feminia, wher's your duty, I must intreat I must.

Fem. Sir, he would have me swear affection to him ere I have made least Tryal of Love.

Cred. No peace flattering Women, did not I swear Cadeedlo to thee.

Fem. And i'l swear the like to you by and by if you'l be patient.

Cred. Well, then I am content, if you do not your Father has Ears.

Fem. And you have a tongue, I make no question you'l remember my Taffaty, will you not.

Cred. When you have sworn much may be thought upon.

Clutch, Come gallants will you in, *Calumney,* is the meat come from the Cooks.

Calum. 'Tis gone for Sir,

Clutch, After dinner finish your discourse, and make an end of all, come my dear Sons welcome.

Exeunt Omnes.

Act

Act the Second, Scene the First.

Enter one way Featherbrain, at the other Captain Pennylefs.

Cap. **W**Hat an Afs is he that waits a hum, hum, leasure, fa la,
 hum, hum, hum, fa la hum, hum, hum, hum, hum,
 umph, hum, hum, hum, pleasure
 hum, hum, happis may be rob'd
 of hope, and treasure, hum, in-
 constancy.

*Pennilefs
Sings.*

Fea. A third man, a third man, a third man.

Cap. VVhat untuned tones of mandrakes, drills my ears.

Fea. I 'tis an untunable air, I must confess noble *Captain Penny-*
less, as I take it.

Cap. No you are much mistaken, your ordinary friend *Penny-*
less the Noble, is brought to nine pence I assure you, prethy
Frank (if thy insatiable gain by winnings have not converted thy
 free soul to avarice, lend thy friend *Pennylefs* half a peece.

Fea. Half a peece.

Cap. I, I, half a peece, no more, when fortune betters my abi-
 lity I will repay thee double.

Fea. Two Crowns.

Capt. I, I, two Crowns though they want weight *Frank*, 'tis
 no matter I know thou guessest my occasion ha thou knowest, they
 will go there.

Fea. Thou would'st be prodigal agen.

Cap. No I assure you *Frank* I will be very frugal go with me,
 and see else, i'l only bet small bets man, I have a conceit beyond
 thy apprehension I have been taught it since poverty seiz'd upon
 me.

Fea. Ten shillings.

Cap. VVhy, I, but ten shillings, it may do me ten pounds
 worth of good, for my luck comes in to da y, have mark't it,
 i'l warrant thee a peece, within this two hours.

The Rogue's so loath to part from mency.

aside

Prethy *Frank*; let me entreat thee.

Fea.

Fea. I have not seen half a peece, two Crowns, or ten shillings these ten days.

Cap. Pheu i'l nere believe that, lend me a Crown then, or half a Crown.

Fea. Eighteen pence would not do much amiss.

Cap. Since thou art so sparing lend me that.

Fea. Faith I want sixpence on't.

Cap. Pox lend me that twelve-pence, then.

Fea. Art not thou a mad Rogue to abuse thy friend thus?

Cap. How abuse thee.

Fea. Why in offering to borrow money of me.

Cap. Say you so, i'th now grown to an abuse, it has not been so
Frank in my Golden Age, I have been your Exchequer, Oh what
a saving age (ere long) will be when
Prodigals, imbrace frugality, fare-
well to you Sir, thus your abuser
vanisheth.

*Offersto go
away.*

Fea. No, no, prethy do not vanish yet.
Why thou Son of incredulity, can thy Conscience beget so evil a
thought, that (if I had but half a peece) (although dispos'd of) I
would not lend it thee.

Cap. You would not be abus'd so.

Fea. Oh my life, and my disguised Gentility.
Canst thou imagine I would content my Corps with this unsavory
stuff, that girds my loins,

Cap. Why art thou monylefs.

Fea. As sure as thou art Captain Pennylefs.

Cap. Hath in, and in, confounded thee too.

Fea. Is the curse of Orphants light on't.

Cap. Forgive me I must confets I have.
Abus'd thee then.

Fea. And thou must make me amends, ere I part with thee, tell
me has not despair, hung plummetts on thy Soul, too heavy for a
hope to keep't from sinking.

Cap. I am almost discouraged.

Fea. A Caprain and discouraged---- away---- do not make me
out of conceit with thee, I tell thee, I have wheels a going in this
Noddle, beyond the power of Fortune, do thou be but one of my

Engineer, I dare warrant thee peece upon peece, Boy.

Cap. Oh those sweet words, peece upon peece begets more courage in me, then Sack or *Medea*,--- command me I am thy instrument.

Fea. Thy very words are musick to me, dost thou know whose house this is.

Cap. Yes, old *Clutches*, a fellow for nothing so fit as to stand for a Statue, in Mammons counting house, and appears to me like a Devil, that did weekly counterfeit Man, meerly made for *deception*, marry ther's a pretty Virgin in this enchanted Castle would I were her Knight.

Fea. Why who bid thee tell my tale, before me, thou more then *Edipus*, of wit that canst expound before the Proposition, yet since you have discharg'd my Theam, let me extemporize, there are in this Castle, two Virgins who now are solicited, by two commanding Gyants, o'th time *Money* and *Credit*, so powerful that unless we do prefer, Pollicy before strength of Limb, we are like to be vanquished.

Cap. I very likely, for I am not of Ability to keep the Devil from dancing in my pocket.

Fea. Nor I,

Cap. No we shall be wise Politicians I make no question, this is not the way (for ought I know) to get peece upon peece, yet thou tell'st me their strength, I know they are able, to put an hundred of us to the sword.

Fea. Thou wilt with one edge, is it not Policy, first to ruminat upon the Enemies strength, before we can make preparation for the conspiracy which now shall be demonstrated, look there I have compleatly counterfeited the hand of *Credit* in a Letter, to some of his Creditors, where we shall be sure of Cloaths, rich, neat, and all things correspondent.

Cap. I do begin to relish thee now, this is next door to peece upon peece, forward my Mercury.

Fea. Being thus habited I know where to procure some Cash.

Cap. Now 'tis coming.

Fea. And so well arm'd, we'l watch the time we may approach this Castle.

Cap. But may we have admittance.

Fea.

Fea. Fear it not, from rich Imbrodery, unto the plainer Satin, all may be welcome, he does maintain his Family, with their Sutors, though his cheif end, is to match them to *Money* and *Credit*.

Cap. There is a great Operation in this Plot, and may a Jew beat me out of my Gentility : if I do not applaud thee fort, shall we put it in practise, come, Oh I long to exchange my habit, me thinks I walk in state agen.

Fea. But you shall be true to me you Rogue, and not in the middle of a Project leave me and return to your old confusion gaming.

Cap. If I doe, may I dye Shirtless, and be buried in the highway twixt *St. Johns-street* and *Islington*.

Fea. I take you at your word, come goe with me.

Cap. With as much Joy, as the wild beasts had when they followed the *Thracian* Fidler, what an Ass is he that waites a Womans leisure.

(*Sings.*)

(*Exeunt.*)

Enter *Clutch.* *Money* and *Credit.* *Felixina* and *Feminia*;

Clutch. Will you be gon so soon Ladds.

Mo. Sir. our occasions are so urgent, you must excuse us.

Clutch. And whether do you wend I saith.

Cred. But to the Exchange,

Clutch. Oh you, expect good tydings *Mr. Money.*

Mo. A little *Barbery* durt.

Clutch. Hum, *Barbery* durt, I would I were up to oth knees in't, oh how happy are the Fishes in *Tagus* Chancel, when will you return again.

Mo. To morrow this time,

Clutch. A year of Torments, Daughter, come hither Daughter, thou canst prevail with him, promise him any thing, though it be the thing (though it be) thou understandst me, the thing ye wor on, so he will stay this night with us, He have a Parson early in the morning, shall make all good.

Felix. O hell bread, Avarice,----- I will fir---- Sir a word with you.

Mo. Your pleasure *Mrs.*

Felix. My Father earnestly desires your stay, but trust me, whilst you are here I can resolve on nothing, but your absence this short time will beget in me some resolution.

Mo. I will obey you Lady.

Fem. Sir you have forc'd an Oath from me would make a Virgin tremble to relate, But to you my tongue should neer pronounce it.

Cred. Well we are one then and I would give you now, a nearer name then *Mrs.* a name given at the first sight.

Fem. Please you sir, Call me Spouse.

Cred. 'Tis a most fitting tearm; Spouse it shall be--- and do you call me--- head.

Fem. Nothing but head Sir.

Cred. No, nothing but head, till we are married.

Fem. Then Ile exalt your name Sir.

Cred. Gramercy Spouse,

Fem. But sweet head, be not *prolix* in your designs, each hour will be to me a long *olympiad*.

Cred. But hark you Spouse I do not love you should talk so like a Conjuror I cannot understand your *prolix* nor your *Olympiads*.

Fem. I shall study more easie phrases Sir.

Cred. Prithee do, farewell sweet Spouse, come Ningle you are too tedious.

Clutch. You'l stay Sir, will you not.

Mo. Indeed I cannot.

Clutch. One hugg sweet friend.

(Huggs him.)

Mo. Farewel Sir---- farewell Ladies?

Clutch. Ile see you out of Doors Gentlemen.

Ambo: We thank you Sir-----

Exeunt.

Manet the Daughters?

Fem. How now Ningle ist a match is this the *Ne plus ultra*, of men, when do you Commit as they say, when must the dangerous words (I will) Be pronounced,

Felix. Do you speak to me Sister.

Fem.

Fem. To you, who else, I do not use to talk to my self.

Felix. Preethy be not angry, your words carry a sence concerning me so little, I thought you had.

Fem. Are you minded to marry, sweet Lady.

Felix. Marry, yes.

Fem. This Man.

Felix. What Man.

Fem. The Gold, and silver man.

Felix. I know not what thou meanest.

Fem. Hey da, the wench is mad (why Mr. Money).

Felix. Oh the Trash my Father brought--- I had almost forgot him.

Fem. That's very well I faith no sooner out of sight but out of mind, he is much beholden to you, I care not much if I run after him and tell him so.

Felix. No prethe, my Father will be angry.

Fem. Uds me do ye cry, this is not time to jest, why weep you Sister.

Felix. Sure you deceive your self.

Fem. Most sure I do not.

Felix. 'Tis but a duty my Eyes owe to my Fathers name.

Fem. Ye are a dutiful Child I protest, but is there not something else, belongs to't more then your meer duty, how long hath this been a custome with ye.

Felix. Not long.

Fem. Nay prethe tell me *Fe.* did you not withal, think of that young Gentleman, that brought the morgage, to my Father, whom you did praise so much, and look upon so often, when you did wish, would you had such a Brother.

Felix. Beshrew your tongue, you'l try if I can weep.

Fem. Was that the Master Vein, had you not rather have him, then Mr. Money, de you smile I can't blame you, come tell me, ye are grown close breasted, now, there was a time when I knew all your secrets.

Felix. That time is still *Feminia*, go in with me and ile reveal more, then thou shalt believe if thou hast love and duty in thy Soul, thou shalt be angry with me for my news and though (heaven knowes) I will speak nothing but truth, thou wilt call me

me Forgeresse notorious Lyar, think me a Bastard born, and begot when lust and mischief were incorporate, it is a truth so strange.

Fem. 'Tis very strange, indeed, come ile attend you.

Exeunt.

Enter Calumny.

Cal. Cut's throat, poyson him, that will not do the Rogue hath rich Friends, I shall be tute to trust fort, and 'tis a question, whether she'l beg me from the Gallows, clip him, make him uncurrant thats worse, 'tis petty Treason, I shall have my Limbs devided, and hung up for Crowes meat, let his house a fire and melt him in the flame that's pritty well, but I should be discovered danger would approach, and few will speak a good word, for *Calumny*, was ever Lover so perplext as I, there is no way left but with toyes of Ioveto solicite the Lady, I have been held a handsome good conditioned man, among the *Jewes*, marry the *Gentiles* hate me, yet I was the illegitimate of a Gentleman my Mother said.

Clatch. *Calumny*, *Calumny*.

Calum. Well— now *Faustus* calls his *Mephistophilis*.

Ile think on something, if it take effect,

Let it be Quoted down, Calumnies All.

Act the Third, Scene First.

Enter Captain Pennilefs and Frank Featherbrain.

Fea. **T**Ho'art the impatientest As I have convers'd with.

Cap. Right.

Fea. What though this project fail, are there no more shall we give up the Cardes, ere, we have play'd a trick.

Cap. A trick.

Fea. I tell thee I have a brain, never barren of invention.

Cap.

Cap. No, no.

Fea. Though I have mis'd the first (as wonder 'tis) think'st thou my Sconce, quite empty of fegaries.

Cap. Fegaries.

Fea. Yes tricks, inventions, and fegaries, you Slave enough to undo a generation of Matchevils, for all my first comes off with a hiss, thou shalt applaud me ere, I come to my Exit.

Cap. And we shall be sure of Cloaths, neat, rich and all things correspondent.

Fea. Well do but follow my Counsel, i'l make true my words i'l warrant thee.

Cap. peece upon peece.

Fea. Why thou despairing varlet: if thou wert not a Captain I would beat thee to pin dust, thou dost put me to more vexation, then my own unhappinefs.

Cap. Was that Mony, came Jingling by us in *Cheapside*.

Fea. Why who should it be else prethy.

Cap. I scarce knew him i'th old stamp, I have not seen him, in Trunks a long time---- tother was *Credit*, was it not,

Fea. Marry was it.

Cap. He's chang'd too, he was in a Gentile habit not long since, now he's become a Citizen again.

Fea. Why I, he was no company for you Gallants long, and when he saw his simplicity abused, he made return unto his City friends, where I faith the Merchant's hugg him.

Cap. Where doth he keep house.

Fea. Within the compals of the City Walls, *hic & ubique*.

Cap. Think you, he would smell a courtier in such disguise as this.

Fea. O Pox, I he'l know him by his hard words (man) he will trust no body, but those he understands, without Security, which is more then thou understand'st I am sure, (besides) thou hast been one of his notorious abusers, and he will be cheated in the way of Friendibility, (as your word is,) no more, but a Pox on this incredulous *Mercer*, that will trust no body, without *Money* or *Credits* self, these are fellows, whose compositions are, a Grain of Conscience, a Dram of Suits (and I was about to say) a Scruple of Religion, but i'l leave that out, 'tis an unusal Drugg, yet it may

may in, 'twil scarce be tasted amongst a pound of Lies, as much of Oaths besides odd ounces of equivocating protestations---- as I am an honest man,---- and such like---- may they live to see their Sons made courtiers, that's enough I make no question then, but that they will come into our order (or worse) and curse the next o'th brood, as we do.

Cap. Yet you were confident, sure (as you said) of Cloaths, rich, neat, and all things else correspondent---- raiz'd me from a shallow desperation to lay me deeper.

Fea. Give ear to me now *Ben.* (let me see) we are not in such extraordinary rich cloaths but that we may pass for Servingmen.

Cap. Had you said for Sharks, we might have both gone together.

Fea. Right, We must Shark our Melancholy Mounsiere (but as I was saying,) I left off at Serving-men.

Cap. Yours have left off, i'm sure.

Fea. As Serving-men, to Money and Credit.

Cap. I'll be hang'd, if they give such bad Liveries to their Lackeys.

Thou run'st before me still, hang Liveries, hear me out, by this means we will have access unto the Wenches, this is the house, i'll knock and to e'm straight, whilst the conceit is hot.

Cap. Is this your project, prethy come away, and leave your Fooling.

Fea. Stay but a minute, see me in and hang thy self.

Cap. Thank you heartily.

Callum. How now, who's there.

Enter Calumney to the Captain.

Fea. Stand to your business (you Rogue) all's mard else.

Cap. Not unlikely.

Fea. Is Mr. Clutch, within I pray Sir.

Calum. Within yes, what of that.

Cap. What of that, Why we would speak with him.

Fea. Modestly good *Ben.* this is one of *Plutres* Dan-me's, we must through Hell to the Heaven, we hope for.

Calum. I think you come to rob him, do you not.

Cap. What a Rogue's this, my valour do's begin to rise at him do thou speak now, I shall beat him like a Dog elie.

Fea.

Fea. Thou art a most valiant Rascal---
 Sir, your name is Mr. *Callumney* as I take it.

aside

Cap. I thought so.

aside

Callum. Yes Sir, my name is, Mr. *Callumney*.

Cap. Good Mr. *Callumney*, you are my near Kinsman my father was a malice, and my mother a mischief, I am sure we give both one arms the three furious tongues in Sables, i't not so Sir,

Callum. Yes, an envies head in the crest.

Cap. Very proper.

aside

Fea. And the *Motto* is, avoid honesty.

Callum. Very right Sir,--- I see I am a Gentleman--- Sir i'l call my master instantly.

Exit Callumney

Fea. Do sweet Cozen.

Cap. Go thy ways, thou hast held a Candle before the Devil.

Fea. A ha, what think you now *Ben*.

Enter Clutch, and Callumney.

Clutch, Speak with me, who are they.

Callum. I know not who they are Sir, there they be.

Clutch, Would you speak with me Gentlemen.

Fea. Sir, my Mr. Master *Money*.

Cap. And mine Sir, Mr. *Credit*.

Fea. Commend their loves to you.

Clutch, You are welcome, heartily Welcome.

Fea. You have two daughters Sir.

Clutch, Their wives that shall be.

Fea. True Sir, we have Letters to them from our Masters to the same purpose, we were withall commanded to be speedy in the delivery.

Clutch, I stay you too long then, in, in Gentlemen--- *Callumney* Lead um in.

Exit.

Callum, Well.

Clutch, Now are the Woodcocks spring'd,--- my plots run fine
Surfeit my Soul, Money and Credits mine.

D

Enter

Enter Felixina and Feminia.

Fem. With grief I do believe you Sister, you must impute it to his Avarice, that sinks all goodness to oblivion.

Felix. That is the drugg, (whose philterous, effect, stronger then poppey, or *Mandragera*) charms all his vertues in a lasting sleep, oh that my prayers, could wake his deep drencht Soul my words should carry a far louder sound, then does the Midnight Bell, whose ring reports to the Inhabitants some fatal fire.

Fem. Well, but you will not have my Ningle Money.

Felix. No as I hope to embrace a noble spirit.

Fem. And your mind is fixt upon that nobler spirit, you speak of.

Felix. On him or no man, ---- But you will have *Credit* will you not.

Fem. Oh, my head we are contracted woman.

Felix. Sure you but jest.

Fem. In earnest we have *exchang'd* sound protestations.

Felix. Protestations, how sound I pray.

Fem. Why he swore *Cadeedlo* to me, and I the like to him, with many other to the same purpose. -- (moreover) he calls me Spouse (already) and I call him head, but the younster (Sister) the younster.

Felix. Prethy do not talk of him, thou wilt put me to impatience.

Fem. Come i'l plot for thee, I have a conceit in this unhappy pate of mine, shall bring him, flying to thee, ---- how now who have we here.

Enter Clutch, Calumney, Featherbrain, and Penniless.

Felix. My father and some strangers,

Clutch, How now daughters so earnest, I have good news for you, --- you Girls worth Gold,

Felix. Or is it new coyn'd Sir.

Clutch, Note, that she harps upon your masters name already.

Fem. She's a wit I protest Sir.

Clutch,

Clutch, A notable girl, a notable girl.

Fea. Fairest my master Mr. *Money* commanded me.

Fem. Oh me my sister sinks.

Felix. *sounds.*

Cap. Hey day I hope he hath kill'd the Gentlewoman and brought me to hang for company with him---- would I were out again,

Clutch, She sfound for Joy, she sfound for Joy, how i'te daughter, how i't daughter.

Fem. She comes again, Sister look up, here's Mr. *Money*.

Fea. Mistrifs, Mistrifs,

Felix. Oh my lov'd stranger.

Clutch, *Femina*, come hither, come hither, what doth she mean by stranger.

Fem. She calls Mr. *Money*, her stranger, sir.

Feather. and Cap.

Clutch, Does she so, does she so.

tain whispers.

He shall be more familiar with her, mine own Girl still sure, her mother gave me leave to get this child of obedience my self.

Fea. Quickly good *Bev.*

Cap. Sir, shall I speak a word with you in private.

Clutch, With me sir.

Cap. Yes, and your servant *Calumney*.

Clutch, with all my heart sir, *Calumney* attend me firrah.

Cap. Now I have made all clear for him, if he should transgress with both the sisters, and make the father and I his Bauds, 'twould trouble me.

Exit.

Manent *Felixina*, *Femina*, and *Featherbrain*.

Felix. What is your errand sir.

Fea. 'Tis love sweet Creature.

Felix. Oh my soul, 'tis he---- Love sir, (what shall I do)---- I want the womans art, dissimulation---- whence comes your love I pray.

Fea. But from this bosome sweetest, there is a heart fill'd with as innocent love, as is the Vestal Virgins to her Goddess, you wear the *Cupid*, beauty, thy Ivory bow sent your white shafts

of vertue to my breast,
Ther's a touch.

aside

Felix. And all this is, you love me,---- is it not.

Fea. And thrice so much can but confess a truth.

Felix. Pardon me Sir, I am no Infidel.

Fea. He harbors infidelity that thinks it.

Fem. This is the spark,

they whisper

Hath been so long in the

Ring of her fancy and dazled the eyes of her understanding (if I may credit my own apprehension) I vow she looks upon him , as if she lov'd , (indeed) she's great with Joy .

Felix. Is this your way to raise your Fortunes think you after your fluent prodigality, (presuming on your person) to undo some weak ey'd Virgin, by your Vows and Oaths , all but to satisfy your appetite with Coyn , to game or such unthrifty Revells.

Fea. I vow she preaches---- talks----talks handsomely what a fool was I to come hither, I am taken with her, if I have not almost a mind to this honourable peice (mischief) marriage, good Company forsake me, there is a new guest come to this Inn, (call'd honesty, commands like a Prince , and I must observe his laws) (the mor's my grief) I will be gone, one minute more undoes me, all happiness dwell with you Lady.

Felix. Pray stay and hear me Sir , although from womans fear , my words proceed , yet (trust me) I conceit so well of you, I could not easily be won to think what my faint fears have uttered.

Feather. She talk's again ; think's well of me her tongue a *Cupid* , and each word an Arrow , she has an excellent ayning eye , a good face fine complexion, handsome breasts, a neat middle, and i'l warrant a good Foot and Legg , she wears an hundred *Cupids*,----- and now they all discharg'd , at me together,--- and now they carry

carry me captived to her---and now I begin to speak, hum---hum--

Wonder of Creatures perfectest, perfect one

Epitome of those Angellick Souls

That are the Rules of Elizium

Whose Beauty keeps the Rose buds, blown in Autumn.

And the fair Lillies white as mountain snow.

Hey da lee if I do not talk like one of your mad Poets already.

Fem. I do not think but the youngster has *Hero* and *Leander*, at his Fingers ends I would I could hear a little more, O this.

Felix. Pray you do not you spend your serimonius jests upon so weak a wit, if you must needs love tell me so--- I love the plain way best.

Fra. By thy own chaste thoughts, which were they mix'd with mine, cannot be tainted, I infinitely honour thee.

Felix. Honour, is that another term for love Sir. (*Kisses.*)

Fra. It is, and by this tempting fruit, I love and honour you.

Felix. Why do you swear so rashly indeed I will not take your oath, till you advise your self.

Fra. Give me it again then ile think upon it. (*She sings.*)

Fem. Maides where are your hearts become look you what here is, look you what here is--- whats there a couple of Turtles a billing, is that such a peice of business---very good he has bethought himself, and now he swears agen theres two shillings in oathes already. (*They kiss.*)

Felix. I can conceal no longer, love growes great, the more I labour to deliver it--- guard me my blushes.

Fra. But cannot you affect me, my Election.

Felix. Who is that behind you sir.

Fra. A Gentlewoman, what is she more sweet Lady.

Felix. Do you observe her sir.

Fra. I doe.

He offers to go back.

Felix. She is one (pray fix your eyes upon her) she is one, that can tell, that with unfeigned zeal, my soul affects you.

Fra. Indeed---she's worth the noting---pray Lady (thentake notice, with what integrity of pure affection I seal me hers for ever.

Fem. Withall my heart, your very nimble Gallants.

Felix.

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Felix. What shall we doe, my Father will suspect if you stay longer.

Fea. My Friend expects me too.

Fem. Is he not your Brother Sir.

Fea. No Lady.

Fem. He is somewhat like you, and a handsome Gentleman.

Felix. I know your need, here is some Gold Sir. — make but your habit appear glorious, you may as freely have Admittance, as any of our Suitors.

Fea. I have hard so much, farewell my best one.

Felix. Remember Oathes.

Enter Capitaine.

Fea. As I will do my Soul.

Cap. Oh 'tis well, you are coming, I had spoyl'd all else — what have you, done now.

Fea. As I could with my Boy.

Cap. Say you so, get you gone, then ile try what I can do.

Fea. Doe.

Cap. But which is your Mistress.

Fea. That Gentlewoman.

Exit Featherbrain.

Cap. That Gentlewoman (good) I must then direct my Service to the other, pretty Rogues both — de hear Lady, are you my Frinds Mistris.

Felix. Did he tell you so Sir.

Cap. Cunning Gipsy, yes he did tell me soe forfooth.

Felix. I hope you dare believe him.

Cap. Marry doe I, is this your Sister fair one.

Felix. Yes Sir.

Cap. Can she love think you.

Felix. Faith Sir, she can best resolve you.

Cap. You say true, and ile to her, does she love verse or prose.

Felix. I think she is indifferently affected.

Cap. So then ile think upon something.

Fem. Ye busie Eyes, where do you carry me, why should this Stranger be your object so, yet I'me too blame to chide you, ye behold, a man proportioned for a Princess, how pretily this bluntness does become him, he makes this way, sure he would speak with me.

Cap. What is your name sweet Lady.

Fem.

Fem. *Feminia* Sir.

Cap. You are a woman.

Fem. I think so Sir.

Cap. 'Tis true, my little peice of modesty, you can but think so, yet by your name you are.

Fem. And I think you are a man.

Cap. But think I am a man, do you not see a mark upon my forehead.

Fem. No truly Sir, me thinks it is a Cupid,

Cap. Cupid, oh blindness, sit lazie Cupid upon a Soldiers Brow.

Fem. Cupid is *Mars* Coequal.

Cap. Then they are both there together — I thought so, for I could love and fight both at once, love a Mistress, and beat him, that durst abuse her and (now I think on't) are you married.

Fem. Not yet Sir.

Cap. Then ther's some hopes, but if I know how to court her I am a Jew, de ye here Lady what said my Friend to ye, when he came in the way of Marriage.

Felix. Troth I have quite forgot Sir.

Cap. You have an excellent memory.

Fem. Why doe ye Question me of marriage Sir.

Cap. The Rogue has a mind to be talk'd too — pox, she might put forth her self a little more, for my brain is out of tune I am somewhat stupid, oh Sack, nothing like Sack it calls up a Parliament, of Rable in the Scul of a Poet — and too much makes em speak fustion as fast, Oh how she smirks (*He sings.*

I would give my golden Rapiere to be at her, to be at her — Ile speak to her least she talkes me to silence, She sayes she's a woman, *Cupid* thou little Cub of *Venus* assist me, can ye love *Mars* my fair *Sithera*.

Fem. Yes if he have a *Cupids* Soul.

Cap. Yes he has a *Cupids* Soul.

Fem. Where is he.

Cap. Here in this Doublet — but hang circumstance can you vouchsafe affection, if you can tell me, ile strive to conquer my usurping nature, perhaps I may run mad, or so, if I do come but and see me in *Bedlam*, and I am answered.

Fem.

Fem. Are you so swain fir, is love so powerful in you at first sight.

Cap. What says the Poet, that most true doth write
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight.

Fem. Troth and he saies true, and now I am resolv'd, pack hence my blushes then, fly unto those conscious of crimes, and let them there disclose their corrupt nature, love so pure as mine requires, not your assistance.

Cap. I forgot to kiss you, you must pardon me
I'me not vers'd into loves Rhetorick, more then (kisses
your Eyes instruct me.

Fem. The times unfit for tedious discourse, resolve your self when ere my Sister makes your friend her Bridegroom, you shall as surely call *Feminia* bride.

Cap. A kiss O that, Sirrah couldst thou obtain so great a blessing, from thy Father, as four or five peieces contain, to befriend a poor Gentleman.

Enter Clutch Callumney, and Featherbrain.

Fem. That would discover all--- noe--- go but to Mr. *Credit*, call your self my brother, you shall be furnished with all those necessaries, that can acouter a compleat Gentleman.

Clutch. Is he so highly taken say you,

Fem. At every sigh he breathes *Felixina*.

Fem. Hee's my Father-- isht.

Cap. *Feminia*'s name inspires his soul with raptures.

Fem. Let him but see a beauty, though as fair as Poets painted *Hellen*, he will say she come but short of his *Felixina*.

Clutch. He dotes, he dotes, oh my most happy issue.

Cap. If I could stay, I'd reckon up a thousand of these things, but sweetest fair, time will not now permit me.

Fem. Return my best affection,

Cap. I will.

Fem. My Master sir expects me, else I would fill up your soul with wonder.

Cap. Farewell Lady.

Fem. We take my leave Sir, and of you fair Lady.

Felix.

Felix. Tell him your self, if he infringe his Oath I am undone
farewel Sir.

Clutch, Entirely welcome Gentlemen, *Callumney* attend them
out.

Callum. These are a couple of entire Rogues , or else I wear
false spectacles. *Exeunt*

Clutch, What think you of your sweet hearts now my Girls.

Fem. As of the noblest Creatures nature fram'd.

Felix. They are superlatively excellent.

Clutch, You are obedient Girls, but come attend me I must in-
trust you, in some unknown lectures.

*And wisdom to your Love---- if I obtain my Prize,
My Daughters shall be, Mammons sacrifice.*

Act the Fourth, Scene the First.

Enter Calumney, and Felixina.

Felix. **W**ELL what would you say now.

Callum. Are we free from any hearing.

Felix. We are but of each other

What means the fellow. *aside*

Callum. Pray let me ask a question then.

Felix. Speak, but be not tedious— some weighty business
sure.

Callum. Your answer shall be just.

Felix. Yes prethy speak without more conjuring.

Callum. Do you—

Felix. Out with it.

Callum. Do you love Mr. Money.

E

Felix.

Felix. Yes what of that.

Callum. Faithfully.

Felix. Must I needs make my faith so familiar with your knowledge i'th my father hath made you thus inquisitive.

Clutch. No (as I covet happiness) I love you, and would prevent you he is one unfit for your deserts, my heart grieves for you.

Felix. Surely the fellows honest, pretty why.

Callum. First of all you are young, fair, and kind, he old gouty and churlish, you, virtuous, wise, and loving, he vicious damnable vicious, he has tane in Bawdy-houses night by night,-- who but money,-- he makes the Old bauds beautiful the Whores Caper naked at his appearance, marry they have reason for it, he secures them from all troubles, he is acquainted with all the terrible Justices about the Subburbs (& wondrous well beloved too, they take his word before the bond of an Alderman, then is he very foolish, for he prefers the cloath of Tishue, and Plush before noble Hospitality, and a hater of all vertue.

Felix. You say I am virtuous, why doth he love me then.

Callum. He doth not, I know he doth not.

Felix. Why doth he swear he loves proves it by guests, would marry me.

Callum. He says so, i'l answer, with a question, why doth the Devil feed with liquorish meats, spiritul Wine, high pride, hot lechery, and leathered ease, those that he means to damn, he marry ye, fy, fy, he shall but like the greedy Tree-worm, suck the sap of Reputation from you, and leave you wither'd.

Felix. These words carry a sence to be observed, though to me needless the Jenius that doth guard the Reputation, my chaste soul affects hath preinform'd me thus, this sheweth his honest though, since thou art so chary of my honour, (and wilt I hope, persist in't, I shall invite thy Judgment to a greater difficult, for which I will not be a lighter rewarder,

Callum. Here's harmony.

Callum. You are my Vertuous Mistress, I am your vassal, your very eye commands me. *aside*

Felix. Go send my Sister to me.

Callum. I shall forsooth I am all
Amorous

aside
Exit.
Felix.

Felix. The very contemplation of my Love, exhilarates my heart, his name exiles all passion, what an insatiable Love--- when I was free and with impartial eyes, view'd every one (Eagle like) could I dare the Summer Sun now one slight beam hath dimm'd me here come my sister she is

Enter Feminia
fetter'd (too) my helping hand was not wanting (Gracious jealousy, for I thinking my own choice best fearing with my eyes, she should look on him, have ta'en occasion (as my surest prevention) to make her cover (by my pray appear most worthy.

Fem. Did you send for me Sister.

Felix. Yes, Mrs. Simper I did send to you.

Fem. What would you (pray).

Felix. Talk and prattle, nothing else, what dost thou think of my choice.

Fem. 'Tis a deserving one, is this all.

Felix. No when dost thou think I shall see him again.

Fem. I cannot tell, pray heaven they both prove constant.

Felix. Is that thy meditation--- dost thou fear it.

Fem. Yes, and my fears hold Angry.

Felix. That they'll be false, forbid it heaven if mine be capable of Oaths I cannot.

Fem. Nay I will hope the best, you have most cause to grieve if it prove so--- you will loose the richest prize.

Felix. Not in your eye I hope *aside*
How rich I prethy, thine's a prize to mine.

Fem. I am the happier *Offers to go away.*
Fem. then.

Felix. Prethy stay.

Fem. I am invited by a difficult subject requires my meditations for a while prethy excuse me. *Exit Feminia*

Felix. I am invited by a difficult subject requires my meditations for a while, prethy excuse me, this is a Riddle learn of truth Sorcerers and raise up the Ghost of *Edipus* to unfold it. *Exit Felixina*

Enter Money, Featherbrain, Credit, and Captain Pennyleis.

Fea. If you derive your Pedigree from the antient house of the *Monies*, ther's some affinity between us.

Mo. I'll assure you Sir we came in with the Conqueror my mother was a *Pecunia*.

Fea. What kin to the *Argent*s,

Mo. Twas my fathers name.

Cap. Well said *Frank* bring me into the kindred too.

Fea. My mother was an *Argent*, my father an *Aurum*.

Mo. Why then your name is *Gold* Sir.

Fea. Yes sir, the best of my kindred lived in *Barbery*.

Mo. Then by that name I must salute you never noble couzen *Gold*.

Fea. Sweet couzen *Money*,— pray be acquainted with my Brother *Jewel*.

Mo. Bright Mr. *Jewel*. I pray salute my Ningle *Credit*.

Cap. Ningle Sir.

Mo. I sir, tis a familiar Term passeth betwixt us.

Cap. Good Mr. *Credit*. I salute you.

Cred. I return your salute pretious Mr. *Jewel*.

Cap. Indeed Sir, pretious is my Christen name.

Fea. Whether go you Gent. (if without offence I may desire it.)

Mo. Ye are married Gentlemen.

Fea. Married, yes, and I believe you know our wives--- we married two Sisters, I the Lady *Portion*, and my Brother, the younger Sister, beauty.

Mo. Indeed the Lady *Portion* is my neer Kinswoman.

Cap. Yet more kindred

Mo. I am her fathers elder Brother.

Callumney above.

Cred. Then Gentlemen we dare reveal our Voyage we are going to do, what you it seems have done.

Fea. Marry a couple of Virgins I'll lay my life.

Mo.

Mo. And since happily we have met we shall desire you two, for Witnesses to such agreements as their Fathers, and we shall conclude upon.

Fea. Then you have the Wenches consents.

Mo. Firm, firm.

Fea. And yet were distrustful, Jealous of your friends.

Mo. No not Jealous.

Enter Callumney in the Musique Room.

Cal. Who is here my rival *Money*, and his Ningle *Credit*, with two *Caveliers*— the Old man is taking his Noons Nap, ile wake him with this news suddainly, hoping he will run out off his wits for Joy--- master, master awake here are both your Son's *Mr. Money* and *Mr. Credit*.

Enter Clutch above.

Clutch. Where my loyal *Callumney*, where where---

Cal. Look here Sir, look here, unless you stay them speedily two golden unthrifths (in whose clutches they now are) will carry them from your sight for ever.

Clutch. Forbid it *Mammon*, ile call to them, what if a man leap'd down *Callumney*— ile leap, may a man break his neck hear think'it thou.

Cal. His Neck scarce hurt his foot.

Clutch. Do thou leap first good *Calumny*, to satisfie my fear, a little lead me the way.

Cal. Alas Sir, I appear so black and horrid I shall quire scare them from you.

Clutch. Thou saiest true ile call, ile call, they will be gone ere I can moderately go down *staires*.

Cal. Call, fy leap Sir— 'tis but a squelch I have a kinsman an excellent bone setter.

Clutch. Shall I, shall I, *Callumny*, I can have but a squelch thou sayest.

Cal. No, no.

Clutch.

Clutch. I but twill be a Devilsh squelch--- wilt thou be accessary to thy good Masters death.

Callum. You might have been down by this time.

Clutch. That I might I faith for ever rising. I might have had my last squelch--- Vh, if I were sure my legs would come first to ground I would not care--- well I will call, Son *Money*, Son *Cred*, Gentl. men whether go you.

Mo. O Father *Clutch*, no further then your house.

Clutch. My faithful Sons--- that I were within an embrace, but ile come immediately, immediately Gentlemen--- you'l stay a while.

Mo. Yes wee will wait you sir:

Clutch. Open the door *Callumny*.

Cal. I cannot find the key sir.

Clutch. Not find the key, dainty fine tricks, where hath your Devil-ship laid it, break open the door, you Hell-hound.

Cal. I have found it now.

Clutch. Did I call thee Hell-hound, forgive my passion gentle *Callumny*.

Exit Clutch and Callumny.

Fed. You are well beloved here Gentlemen.

Mo. Yes faith the Old man dotes upon us.

Act Fourth Scene Third,

Cap. **H**E may be proud of yee, ye are the best Suitors, have craced his House, since his Daughters entred into their Teenes.

Cred. We are men (you know) the world thinks well off.

Cap. Yee are your selves, the world, in spight, of the flesh and Devil.

Mo. You do ecclips us with your praise, and, your affection, yilds a partial censure.

Enter

Enter Clutch and Callumny.

Clutch. They are here still, Oh my right noble Sons, Son *Money* let me enjoy an armful of thee--- and of thee--- trust me Son *Credit*, my youngest Daughters sickness is for thee --- and Son *Money* did your man tell you how my elder Daughter swooned in your absence--- I thought I should have lost her, nothing but your name could quicken life in her.

Mo. My Man Sir.

Clutch. And my Son *Credits* man (too) Indeed Gentlemen I am infinitely engaged to you, you are noble Lovers I see you do respect your Ladies.

Mo. We sent no men good Sir, bethink your self, sure hee's Transported.

Clutch. True tricks of Nobility, see if they will acknowledge their good actions

But who are these Gentlemen, who are these I pray.

Mo. Two worthy friends of ours.

Clutch. Their names (I pray) I may salute em.

Mo. This Gentlemans name is *Gold*.

Clutch. Mr. *Gold*.

Mo. And this Mr. *Jewel*.

Clutch. He is in my care already, Illustrious Mr. *Jewel* --- glorious Mr. *Gold* --- you are both entirely welcome *Gold* and *Jewel* --- oh for a couple of Daughters more, what a wealth *Clutch* might I bee,

I would *Bigamy* were lawful, I must enjoy these two Gentlemen, *Callumny* and I will knock our Jouts together about it Gentlemen will you draw near.

Mo. Pray lead the way Sir.

Clutch. Indeed ile follow you, nay pray Sir ---

Mr. *Gold*, Mr. *Jewel*---

Exeunt

Manet Callumny.

Cal. How is our house enobled--- had my Master but two Daughters more, what marriages should we have M. *Money* and M. *Credit*.

Credit ('tis resolv'd) must marry the two Virgins—— say you so—— but what sayes Mr. *Callumny* to that, by your leave, *Clutch* you promised him the Elder-- and *Money* like a trade Rogue you will defeat him, but mark what followeth (my aged *Signior*) he like a more cunning Rogue, hath that in practice will defeat you both--- I am strangely lost, what should these fellows be that came with letters--- *Money* and *Credit* said they sent none such--- I have it, I know I have it, (without all doubt) they are servants to these fresh *Mamoratto's Gold* and *Jewel*-- here will be some scuffling for the wenches. I may prevent you Mr. *Gold* or Mr. *Jewel* if you sollicite my *Lindabradez*.

Enter Clutch.

Clutch. *Callumny* my best *Callamny*, why thus melancholly, *Sirrah* my Daughter dotes upon thee, upon the Devil--- *aside.*
I vow she does, I know it-- she flouts *Money* beyond measure.

Cal. This is the preambulation to more mischief cunning Sir, I apprehend you, I do expect I should encourage on *Gold* and *Jewel* to your daughters—— when you are hang'd, *aside*
you know the proverb sure Sir. my mean desert weigh'd with their noble Suitors must appear most worthless.

Clutch. She thinks thee honest, them but flatterers.

Cal. Well what would you Sir.

Clutch. Methinks I see thee walk in cloath of Tissue whilst I in Furies in an imperious chair sit and prolong my hours with gazing on thee, my delightful darling.

Cal. Notable Rogue, but whats your will, declare it pray sir.

Clutch. This is day thou knowest, *Money* and *Credit* oblige their whole Estates, to me on condition I give my free consent, that they may match my Daughters, mark ye, my free consent, but if their free consents they cannot get they are like to stand the hazard, *Gold* for thee my boy—— now *Sirrah*, oh that I had two Daughters more.

Cal. You would fetch over the new Guests *Gold* and *Jewel*,

Clutch. Thou art all apprehension, thou wert composed of Craft and Subtily.

Cal. This is too hard a taske, you cannot give your consent
twice

twice, Law you know will not allow of it.

Clutch. Do thou but cheer them on, let me alone in time to work the Catastrophe, I have a Plot, (not altogether perfected, that shall make thee mine, ne're fear it, in the meantime, be thou their Genius encourage them, my Boy, encourage them I cannot stay, I must about my profit.

Cal. I apprehend the Rogue, he has given *Money and Credit*, his full content, now Sir, will he marry them to *Gold and Jewel*, and at the last appear as ignorant, as they that never knew, and wher's my Mistress then, kind Sir expect (if you be wise) nothing from me may make addition to your happiness---- But who comes here i'll step behind the hangings.

Enter Featherbrain and Felixina.

Felix. What plentiful happiness my soul enjoys in seeing you my wished one, nothing shall now I hope (if *Hymen* smile) delay our Nuptials.

Callam. Hey day, what have we here---- sure these are Eyes, and Ears.

Fea. Sweetest it is my firm resolve, to hearts sincere, nothing so happy as the marriage hour.

Callum. Good agen.

Fea. You know my mind, lets in again your father will suspect else, I shall declare my plots to you, at large when time shall be auspicious.

Exit Featherbrain with Felixina.

Felix. You are full of constancy.

Cal. Very pretty, this is one of them (as I take it) I should encourage, she hath plaid my part upon her self and given him a large encouragement----agen.

Enter Captain and Feminia.

Cap. Why pretty sweet one can thy thoughts be won to think my tongue has been the Orator of a disloyal heart.

Fem. But could you not affect my Sister dearer.

Callum. This is the second part to the same Tune what courtly Roguery may a man discern behind *Arras*.

Cap. What my friends choice, unclasp an amity in whose fair Bonds, are fetter'd nought but love and sweet indulgence, did not that claim a share in my best thoughts my Amorous Soul, creating you it's object says you excel in merrit.

Fem. Think me not loveless for my easie fear.

F

Cap.

Cap. Indeed I do not.

Fem. Be wary or all's mar'd.

Cap. I'll warrant ye come, let's withdraw agen.

Exeunt

Gallum. Am I designed for a better end then hell, the Devil keeps no truer touch with me, Love may be thus reciprocal, in as short a Season, but such aged familiarity call's marvail in my sconece---- Oh for a Jury of Witches to find the guilt of this business out, 'tis now as the Devil my aged Signior would have it, ye shall have Gold and Jewel, to your Sons, ne're fear it, if I do not cross the business, ther's a business unthought off, I think of it though and will endeavour it to my power, I'll do my good will, Mr. Clutch, ye can have but a mans heart, here they are all, work work, my brain.

Enter Clutch, Mony, Felixina, Featherbrain Credit, Feminia, and Captain Pennylefs.

Clutch. Look ye Gentlemen, this is fair inconsideration of your estates I give my full consent, that you may marry my two daughters.

Both. We acknowledge so much.

Clutch. Well said, I think you need not doubt theirs.

Mo. Theirs we are confident.

Gallum. Coxcombs you are, if you knew all

aside

Clutch. I know you do consider I am old.

aside

Why I may dye to morrow,

Not these threescore years I hope, and then you will be blest with all my store, these Girls must reap the fruit of all my care.

Mo. Well, their free wills we doubt not.

Cred. O you little Rogue I have thy consent, have I not Spouse.

Fem. I Cadeedlo, Head.

Cred. Cadeedlo Head, those words come so prettily from thee.

Fem. I am glad they please you Sir.

Clutch, Mony, Credit Felix. and Feminia, whisper.

Enter

Enter Callumney.

Cal. Sir here's, Sir here's two Gentlemen, and their wives are come to visit you, and my mistresses.

Clutch, What are they.

Callum. Mr. *Silver* the monyer, and his mistress.

Cap. Light heel, keep such a stamping, that we shall nere be able to endure the houte, what's the tother.

Callum. Mr. *Hammer-head*, the Goldsmith, Sir, he has a very handsome wife.

Fea. O then by all means let them in.

Clutch, Do, do, *Callum*, their worthy friends, and necessary members in a Common wealth, Mr. *Silver*, my illustrious friend welcome, most welcome, and couzen *Hammer-head*, let me imbrace you.

Enter Silver and Hammer-head, and their Wives.

Mo. Gentlemen pray salute your friends, Mr. *Silver*, you and I are familiar friends your hand, Ningle *Credit*, bid him welcome.

While they salute the men
Featherbrain, and Pen-
nilefs salute the Women.

Fea. Fair mistress welcome and may choycest delight, ever crown your wishes.

1. *Woman,* The like to you.

Cap. *Frank* has borted one, and I like a coward stand and fear to a fault the other, but I am a Captain, and will fear no colours mrs. your welcome as I may say.

2. *Woman,* I thank you Sir.

Cap. Is that your husband forsooth.

2. *Woman,* Yes Sir, why do ye ask.

Cap. Because I would know.

aside

1. *Woman,* A very merry Gentleman.

Clutch, 'Tis as I tell you Sir, Mr. *Money*, and Mr. *Credit*, has engaged their whole estates to me, inconsideration of my full consent, that they may marry my daughters.

Silver. Why then we shall have weddings two or three at.---

Ham. Least, for here's my friend Mr. *Silver*, has stole his Mistress forth and means to marry her presently.

Cred. Why then he's one of our rank.

Clutch. He is, but Gentlemen so many weddings towards, and nere a dance, come, come, each take his mistress and dance, and foot it a little for the satisfaction of these spectators.

Callum. Ha, ha, ha, ---- are these your Kinsmen Gentlemen, ha, ha, ha, I am a little absur'd, ha, ha, ha, pray pardon me.

Fea. Our kinsman, yes, why dost ask.

Callum. They are a couple of crafty merchants, ha, ha, ha, they may well be confident of the consents of their mistresses.

Fea. Not unlikely, why They are your Kinsmen you say.

Cap. Yes.

Callum. Whose Credits you respect.

Fea. As our lives.

Callum. I vow ye should not know it else pray make no words on't.

Cap. Well, speak.

Cal. If these two stiff blades, are of ability, they have made all sure, I'll warrant them.

Fea. Ha ---- ha, sure prethy be plainer.

Cap. I do conjecture something, the Rogues breath smells worse than Garlick, it ascends from the same of some unfavoury secret, I fear 'twil choak us.

Callum. A trick of youth, and partly in fashion, a slight mistake, made use. O'th Bridal night, before the wedding morning, do ye understand me now Gentlemen ----- no hurt, onely.

Cap. Foah, now 'tis out ---- the Devil choak thee for't.

Fea. How cam'st thou to know it.

Cap. Their Baud i'll lay my life.

Cal. Very easily Sir, I was a Servant to them, and had good cash to learn silence with many fair promises.

Cap. I, I knew 'twould come too't.

Fea. Why what a Rogue art thou to discover then.

Callum. I but I know to whom, their friends and kinsmen, all the Devils in Hell, could not have wrinched it from me but you.

Cap.

Cap. We are much engaged to you—

Fea. Does not their Father know it:

Cal. Not yet Sir.

Fea. Well let it go no further.

Cal. Not for a World.

Cap. Come hither *Frank*.

aside
Captain Featherbrain
whispers Clutch and
his two daughters, Cal-
lumney goes to Money
& Credit.

Clutch. *Felix, Feminia*, let me talk with you a little.

Both. Yes Sir.

Cal. Mr. Money, Mr. Credit, Gentlemen when must we have
Gloves, when is the time prefixt, I perceive you are wel prepared,

Mo. Tomorrow, ist not to morrow Ningle.

Cred. To morrow, let me see to morrow, I to morrow a very
fit day—yes, yes, to morrow *Callumney*.

Cal. And are you sure you have the consent of my young
Mistresses.

Cred. Sure dost take us for Asses, dost think we are now to
make Sure, and must be married to morrow.

Cal. Come I know you are not sure, you have both most foo-
lish lost your whole estates.

Mo. How.

Cal. Be these two yonder your Kinsman.

Cred. Yes.

Cal. You are sure ont.

Mo, Yes.

Cal. So sure am I, they are contracted both unto your Brides,
that should be, and (let me tell you for tis frindship bids me)
the old man cares not it is (in part) his policy.

Both. How.

Cal. Nay it must out, although my Masters secret conscience
will have it so, do ye but mark his words, I give ye but my con-
sent (saith he) having reserv'd to himself thus to delude you force-
ing his daughters privately which indeed he need not, they are
themselves too willing to give their free consents to marry your
rich Kinsmen.

Cred. And will my Spouse turn Baggage, is there no hone-
sty in Cadeedlo.

Mo. But is this truth.

Cal. Why will you here me swear.

Cred. Any thing but Cadeedlo, that hellish Oath!

Cal. These eyes and ears are witnesses to their contract.

Mo. It cannot be they are married.

Cal. So am I, am I not, they married---pist-- Ile be more open to you did not my Master tell yee, ye sent your two men to his Daughters.

Mo. I perfectly remember't we sent none.

Cal. True they were servants to your kinsman, and to my knowledge brought them letters, but as forerunners to their visits.

Mo. What will become of this is there no prevention what an unconscionable misers this.

Cal. Gentlemen, now hearken to me since I have opened the Sore I will apply a remedy, therefore (ingeniously) observe from me, allwayes come short of this, I have been indutrious for yee.

Cred. Honest Callumny.

Cal. With resolv'd confidence, call them aside and in the way of frindship make known you have enjoyed the Daughters, laughing it out (like some Familiar action) or ye make your boast (as thus) that as aged as ye are) you can yet overcome young Virgins, I need not teach ye to bounce I am sure, there are twenty wayes to divulge it, I swear it, rather then loose your main estates.

Cred. By my Credit (an Oath I fear I shall nere swear agen) 'tis a peice of rare Rogurie, and I must hug thee for't.

Mo. I like it (too) weel put in practice strait.

Cal. Least it be to late, they are now in consultation, be sure you bear up stiffly, think on your Estates, go not a word more, lest we be observed.

Felix. Those Gentlemen Sir.

Clutch. Yes you know my mind, ile win your oppertunity.

Cap. Fy in a passion for her, let her pass, think your self happy that you know it, 'twould have troubled ye more after marriage.

Fea. Well ile do somthing.

Clutch. Come Gentlemen will ye in, your Dinners are prepar'd, by this I am sure, discourie the rest at table, 'twill make your fare digest.

Omnes Wee'l wait upon you Sir--

Exeunt.

Cal.

*Cal. Propitious Vengeance, aid my bloody Brawls
And I will feast thy Soul with Funerals.*

Exit.

Act the Fifth Scene the First,

Enter Featherbrain Solus.

Fea. **I**Mpudent Slaves Joy in your sordid Acts, your peices of
Lascivious Gravity, hath Age taught you to be but wise
in sin, must you be revered cause you are become high in Ini-
quity, bravely Audacious, yet pardon my rash words, ye are to
me my better Jenious, I should honour ye, call ye the Patrons of
my happines for you have told me that, (had it been kept till I
had wedded this intemperate Woman creature) had ruin'd me
for ever, crewel woman, what *Cupids* did you see in wrinkled
brows, sunk Eyes, and whithered cheeks, should make your blood
with such a flame, kindle your appetite, hide me some happy
mist, for here she comes would tempt another *Adam*.

Enter Felixina.

Oh my heart the killing *Basalisk* is more courteous, his visage
doth pretend no less than death, but here's a Ram shap't in Inno-
cence.

Felix. What so private : I have strange news to tell you.

Fea. Shee will offend no more, hath heard, I know it and will
fain penitence (death) I must speak to her, though I perish by it,
Oh divinity, defend me from this peice of beautilous Magick,
and I will be thy Anchorite.--- is your news good *Felixina*.

Felix. Exceeding good to me Sir.

Fea. Good come to thee, is Hell and Heaven met, or is incon-
tinency proved no crime *aside*
as our wise Sophisters maintaine with good my sweet.

Felix. My Father gives us free consent to marry.

Fea.

Fea. Does he indeed, a peice of pleasing mischeif,
what joy have we *Felixina*. *aside*

Felix. Will not you kifs me for my newes now.

Fea. Joy so transported me I had forgot *they kifs*
Oh *Hesperides*, thy garden yeilds such fruit, that I must pluck it
though the Dragon seaze me— *aside*

her breath excels perfumes, and on her lip lies such a pleasing
warmth, might melt the souls of devout Hermets, — Oh you
dangerous sweet one, might I be promised to enjoy thee thus,
when our two souls are doubled to the *Abiss*, ide pass through
this *Elizium* of sins and blest my Temptress.

Felix. What do you mean Sir.

Fea. Nothing, why dost thou ask sweet heart.

Felix. You talk so strangely.

Fea. Indeed I do to talk of blis in Hell.

Felix. Oh sister now I fear you.

Fea. But when must wee be married fair *Felixina*.

Felix. Do you prefix the time Sir--- you will not want a Bride.

Fea. Thou wilt be shée I warrant, hum, what do ye blush
would we were married now, there is an amorus flame crept in
my blood, makes every limb a wanton, prethee kifs me
agen,--- tell mee--- dost not thou *they kifs*

find a muti y in thy blood, relish my puls. I am not aged but
can meet thy fire with heat more active then that flames desire.

Felix. What do you mean Sir, saying heat and fire, give your
strange Dialect some Demonstration, I apprehend you not.

Fea. *Venus* will be a Nun, and preach Virginity.

Oh where should Devils get such Angels shaps

Ile tell thee then--- thy beauty and my love (too *aside*

potent Tempters) envite me to that Lilly bed thy brest, where I
might banquet on thy curious body. Lets imitate the warm em-
bracing Turtles instruct each other how our Parents did, when
by their Amorous play we were create and propagate the world,
with love born Creatures, what do ye gaze on mee--- I am turn'd
Devil too, Devil too, and will conspire with thee in loose im-
braces to beget a race of Tempters, say do I not look like a most
amorous *Incubus*.

Felix. You scare me with your words.

Fea.

Fea. But did that bosome harbour Innocence, thou wouldst (undaunted) hear me.

Felix. That Innocence protect me.

Fea. Nay fly me not, I am as bad as thee, I am surprized nere fear it---- Oh my gross essence.

Felix. Sweet Sir, unfold your discontents, do you not think me chaste, pray look on me.---

Fea. Oh no, thy eyes, will make my Judgment stagger, ye are all innocence in shew, but that frail man, that by your species, shall (like me) imagine some inferior vertue, shall close himself within a den of thraldomes, I did believe thee innocently good as rich in Soul, as feature, I did think each sentence that thy tongue did utter me some,

Prophecies of happiness, but yet I find
All these but spectacles, to delude the mind.

Felix. Pray Sir be more particular, does my indulgence of you tell you so, or my bold love declare my Levity, was I too easie won, or else too free, being won too.---

Fea. Oh, I stop there, that kindness is my torment hadst thou repulst me, with a brave disdain, when for thy love I was an Orator, I had become a gross Idolator, in paying Adoration to thy name.

Felix. Shall I not know the nature of my guilt.

Fea. Incontinency.

Felix. Incontinency-----oh

she swoonds

Fea. Oh me she swoonds, as if within that word, lay rigorous Thunder, in me an Earth-quake is, shivering my Joynts, like (too aged) building, I could out sigh rough *Eolus*, what a stormy vile, lust does make in calm Lovers bosoms, how like a Virgin in contented Urn, (that living knew not, what man call'd a crime) lies this *Deceptio visus*, since she is false it will be piety, to raise her to repentance, I am resolv'd, if I did warm this Viper in my breast, and onely have her sting for recompence, welcome my fate, she stirs, sure she'll prevent me.

Fe. Oh never wake sir, if she be false, may she thus die unpittied--- let her not have a Grave, preserve her body and vile memory, to fright Mortality, when Maidens plight their faith, and do enfringe

let their wrong'd Lovers, curse my wandring spirit, who living here, was but their base example.

Fea. Bless me good Powers, how these strange dangerous words, do operate in my fidelity. I scarce believe her false now. *aside*

Felix. Sweet Gentleman (the name of Love you cancel) who hath possessed your noble spirit thus.

Faith I scarce think thou know'st--- his names *Money*.

Felix. What the Grand Devil of Rank, *Calumney*, would you belive him Sir.

Fea. 'Twas spoke in such a way.

Felix. If in your breast any credulity, you ever lodg'd to receive Virgins Oaths, let mine a while appeale you, and encourage that noble spirit, which you bear within you, unto an Act by my invention fram'd shall make this Incurter truly confess, his words, to be gross scandal.

Fea. And vindicate thy honour with his Death,
How many Ill's proceeds from Sordid breath.

Enter Calumney Credit, and Money.

Cal. But did you do it bravely.

Mo. For speech, and action *Rosius* might have learn'd, had been living.

Cal. And how did they take it—ha.

Cred. Very contentedly—they were not mov'd.

Mo. Made slight (as men of actions not concern them)

Cal. They are subtle Rogues, and preserv'd, all in thought yea have prevented them ne're fear it, for if they marry them, *Calumney* is your bondman.

Both. Oh noble *Calumney*.

Cal. If they should question more, be you still confident, remember your estates, be that your *Jenius*, I speak from my love, I would not have such noble Spirits ruin'd come lets be gone.

Mo. But I hope, they'l urge no more.
You cannot tell, be you prepar'd for't, to seem but daunted were
to

to open all, and so you may become ridiculous Beggars whereas you were in state belov'd of all, all then will reckon you but as counterfeits.

Mo. And then we are fit for no place, but new *England*.

Cal. Come follow me and be victorious.

Enter, Featherbrain, and Captain Pennylefs.

Fea. Come, I dare swear they are chaste.

Cap. Oh *I*, as vertuous as waiting Gentlewomen, who will not deny the Grooms a courtesie, to shew they are free from Pride, or they which serve antient rich Batchellors, that in their Caudles mix cantarides, to raize Rebellious Spirits, Midwives at thirty, Widdows at Nineteen, as *Hellens* Maid that wrote the Book, *De arte Venerca*.

Fea. Oh fy upon thee, thou wilt make them Monsters, come, come, follow my Directions, i'l warrant thee, we'l prove them honest Maids, ere we have done.

Cap. Will you so, i'l say you are further read in *Dialectica*, then a great many of your fore-fathers, no, i'l trouble my self no further—e'ne those that broke them, sodder u'm.

Fea. If thou dost anger me, i'l beat thee into, belief (and that's a strange kind of Rhetorick) come they have, they have Golden Portions think of that.

Cap. If thou dost lead me to damnation.

Fea. I'l be burn'd for thee, come follow me.

Enter Clutch, Felixina and Feminia.

Clutch. But do they entertain your loves, so willingly good Girls you have done bravely (my own flesh) let me kiss you both i'l make ye Goddesses, yea little wantons.

Felix. I Sir, but *Money* and *Credit*.

Clutch. For them let me alone, *Money* is an Ass, *Credit* his
G 2 Ningl e

Ningle, let um pass I have ore reach'd their Gravities, my subtilery shall make perdition, their inhabitory Mansion, me thinks hear them curse and rail on *Clutch*, whilst I content me with the Foxes Proverb (better when he's curs'd, aha Mrs. *Gold*, and Mrs. *Jewel*).

Fea. But ther's a scandal laid upon our fame.

Clutch, What's that, what scandal, i't, if it hinder not our ends, no matter *Mony* will buy good tongues.

Fem. It hinders our hope to marriage.

Clutch, What with *Gold* and *Jewel*, declare it, ha, with *Gold* and *Jewel*, speak it, oh my sweet hopes.

Felix. *Mony* and *Credit* (joyn'd with *Callumney*) Proclaim us both their Whores.

Fem. *Jewel* and *Gold* this hearing, casts us off exposing us to *Contumelious* laughter.

Clutch, Oh *Callumney*, thou art mischievous, and hast out-reacht me, this will bring madness on me *Gold* and *Jewel* (my illustrate hopes) banished to live in desperations desert, *Mammon* (thou God of our adored earth) why dost thou suffer such events to th'wart me.

Felix. Sir a devise (by me already fram'd, and well approv'd off) shall our humours gain and we match with our liking.

Clutch, *Gold* and *Jewel*.

Both, Yes Sir.

Felix. But hear me out Sir, these as they are rich, will not be brought i'th compass of defraud, if as our Portions you'll deliver up, half those estates, *Mony*, and *Credit* own'd, we have wrought them to ingage theirs unto you, in witness of each other, then they are ours, if this may not be done, 'tis their resolves, to leave us to the hazard of our Fortunes.

Clutch, Oh as I could wish-----i'l do't, i'l do't, where be they i'l be ingaged immediately.

Felix. In that withdrawing Room, they wait your Answer.

Clutch, 'Tis well I am contented.

Exit

Manet

Manet Felixina, and Feminia.

Felix. So this is contriv'd, to purpose, is it not, now our desires will finish (my *Feminia*) am I not worthy applause, be free to me.

Fem. Thou hast dispos'd things rarely but (in brief) tell me wer't thou perswaded I would be thy rival.

Felix. By Love I was, but prethy pardon me.

Fem. Pardon thee, yes upon condition you'l return the like, I had as much of foolish Jealousie, as love could let them claim.

Felix. I hope it will prevent that Plague, in Marriage I would not entertain it a whole year for more then the Worlds riches.

Fem. But are not we obedient Children, to gull our Father thus.

Felix. Heaven pardon us, 'tis not our greatest Crime, in such a cause as this.

*I hope so too, and time shall tell (sweet Madam,
Though we made shift for Husbands, yet we had um.*

Exeunt.

Enter Featherbrain, and Mony,

Fea. But dost think she is with child.

Mo. I cannot tell I did my best endeavour. you may imagine how a man inspired by such a beauty may be stir himself.

Fea. I warrant she is a Bedfellow for a Jove.

Mo. Faith I would scarce exchange her, for his *Juno*, why *Nectar* is extracted from her lips, her breath excells sweets of *Arabia*.

But those choyce parts, which none but I could merit,
Would call up heat, in a cold coward spirit,

Fea. She hath infused Poety in you,

Mo.

Mo. Have not I been at her *Helicon* — now I speak to purpose.

Fea. And is she pliable in her sports to you.

Mo. As is the Fish unto the Anglers bait, playes to beget desire.

Fea. Very Wanton.

Mo. As *Leda*, in the arms of *Jupiter*, I could not think my memory could —

Bless my tongue with so many good words to my purpose, *aside* but my estate that does it — Oh noble *Callumney*.

Enter Captain Penniless and Credit.

Cap. What desperate Vow, won her, to credit you mee thinks she's nice, and very proudly coy.

Cred. To strangers she is, to me she was, but that she saw my faith in my great Oathes.

Cap. What were they pray Sir.

Cred. Marry Sir, the greatest and surest was *Cadeedlo*.

Cap. Indeed then she might well believe you — *Cadeedlo* quoth a —

Cred. And now we play and sport as familiarly as puppies, I call her spouse, shee calls me head —

Cap. A most firm Conjunction, her Father doth not know it you say.

Cred. Not yet, and I hope you will not tell Sir.

Enter Clutch.

Cap. You need not care, since his consent is given.

Cred. That's all one (poor soul) she would blush her self to death, if she but thought he knew it.

Cap. Why doe ye expose your secrets to my bosome, I am a very blab, I shall disclose.

Cred. Will you undoe your kinsman.

Cap. Harken to me.

Clutch. They are at it, I must make one, on both sides — now my part comes in, what Gentlemen retired, I am too bold to interrupt your privacies.

Fea.

Fea. You are not Sir, pray stay-- are the doors to lock. *aside*
Clutch. They are most strangely barracaded-- *aside*
Crid. No stay till to morrow, then Revel at large, I would be married first.

Cap. Noe. prethee be perswaded, I would fain see how the old man would relish his Daughters forwardness, he knowes hot constitutions must be abated.

Mo. Break your discourse off, I would not have the old man gues's out this private deed, he is a peice of dangerous subtilty.

Fea. Then all is true you tell mee.

Mo. If you be incredulous, ask my Ningle *Credit*.

Fea. No, no, ile take your word, as you shall mine, you are a peice of dam'd impiety, sent but to teach the world Idolatry: the Peasants wisdom, the vain Citties Pride, the Misers luxury, the only guide to Fools and worldlings, you were made to shew Hells broadest entrance.

Cap. Think not I am a patient Auditor, I am not passive cause I dare not Aa, but keep your breath till I am charg'd with it, nor then prepare for stormes as violent, as the just Heavens shower upon impious Seamen after black imprecations.

Cred. Bless me these words are worse then sympathize or concur, what do you mean Sir.

Clutch. Now it works--- are ye at difference Gentlemen.

Fea. If ever you had fear, expresse it now be not so ignorant as to believe, I will not vindicate that Ladies Honour, you by your guilded witchcraft have deprived, tell me you Chaos of confusion, what Negromancy from *Gehenna* brought, wrought this white innocence unto a deed, black, as your sorded entrails.

Clutch. Son *Money*, what's the matter.

Money. Alas I know not Sir (oh curled *Callumny*) what is your will Sir, with me?

Cap. Thou hast by Magick and Pretigious Charms Effussinated such a Noble Creature, that all Excrutiations, Hell invents will be too sweet a Guerden for the deed.

Cred. The wonderful words of man, if I know what he means more then I tell would I were burn'd pray Sir be plainer.

Clutch. How go the Squares Son *Credit*, draw, draw.

Fea. Keep my swords length
Sir, they are past a Rescue, you
ought to be my Agent in this Cause.

*To the Captain, then
to Feather.*

Mo. My purpose is to make amends with Marriage.

Fea. Is that my satisfaction, Know sir by oath she was contracted
mine, and had not violated that decree, but by some (Hell
wrought) witchcraft, therefore know no way but this, shall right
me—if you think brief repentance can obtain abatements in your
Torments, take your time, I will attend some minutes.

*The Captains offer to run
at Credit.*

Cred. Oh hold, take my confession she is (for ought I know more
Man then woman, if ever I toucht more then hand, or—lip—
Cadeedlo, there's my oath, my undoing oath, may I not thrive
vvithout honesty.

Cap. But are you serious.

Cred. Hang me if I be not.

Mo. You may believe these oaths.

Enter Clutch

Fea. Know Sir, we are engaged to your daughters, and vvill
our Contracts Consummate vvith speed. But your consent is sold,
to those that shall but little by it

Enter Felixina and Femia.

Mo. Since you have of this, craft and that I see the vvomen are
Auditors, vveel resign our intrest up, injoy the fruit of your ill
labour'd brain.

Fea. Do you hear this Sir.

Clutch. But are my daughters contented.

Felix. Sir happiness, and these are so nere kin: enjoying them
all happiness is ours, and pray Sir tell me, you that durst lay
claim to that Pure Maides prize bove all earthly treasure, hath
my tongue, ever been so vile to vvovv any affection to you, clear
me, and your self.

Mo. You might have been so vvise.

Fem. And you Sir, like an Image in black Chalk vvhat vvovvs,
or oaths can you lay claim to novv, more then Cadeedlo.

Cred. Oh that Cadeedlo—that had been enough for any Chri-
sten'd vvoman to have svvorn.

Clutch

Clutch, Well since 'tis thus, and that you are well agreed marry my Daughters, take my Blessings with them, be witness all.

Enter Callumney.

Cal. Oh curst attonement, terror to mine eyes is all my plotting projects come to this confusion separate your conjunctions.

Clutch, What my true Servant *Callumney*, give me thy hand, thou man of discontent, what think you of my eldest daughter now sir— you must hatch projects then— ha; look, look, see if *Mr. Gold*, and *Mr. Jewel* have not prevail'd, *Money* and *Credit* were but shallow Lovers, — Sirrah — sirrah, have I not riches in abundance, *Money* and *Credit*, *Gold* and *Jewel*.

Cal. May thy *Gold*, (moultien choak thee.

Clutch, Not yet *Callumney*, not yet, ——— prethy be more charitable, thou shalt have my eldest daughter.

Fea. Spawn of iniquity, whose infectious breath carries more horror to the bearers Ears, then doth the sentence of just Radamant, unto the black offenders — what is this Lady false, spit out your gall, and tell me.

Cal. *A* flac be not, she's not to old to learn, too learn, and as young stock, as you may have a Graft, the City keeps a Nursery thank the Court Gardners.

Fea. How durst thou speak thus.

Cal. Oh good Sir, Fools and Cynicks, talk by Pattent, I am a fool or you had gone to wrack, with your fair brides (that must be) weak hearted Gentlemen wher's your estates, you were all, deluded Prisoners, you shall betill the Devils dead, (my good old Master, and after (too) unless some Prodigal succeed him which is the best your hopes can promise.

Clutch, Come Gentlemen mind him not, all he can do is rail, will you to Church, these my obligatory Gentlemen, shall be the witness to your sacred contract.

Both. We are content

Mo. I do not envy much, my couzen *Gold* by birth doth claim prefedency of me — Let him enjoy it.

H

Cred.

Cred. I yeild to too, *Jewel* commands his *Credit*.

• *Fea.* We thank you Gentlemen, and are ingaged to your sublimed vertues. *they discover*

Clutch, How now what's this.

Cap. Nothing Sir, but the *Golds* uncurrant.

Fea. And the *Jewel's* counterfeit.

Mo. Hath *Featherbrain*.

• *Cred.* And *Pennylefs*.

Clutch, Daughters these are Counterfeits, shake um off, these are, nor *Gold* nor *Jewel*—how am I couzened.

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

Fem. As true as I live Sister, they are handsomer men now their beards are off, by ten parts (bethrew me Sir) we will not part from them, for all this, I love a counterfeit *Jewel* as well as ere a Lady in the Land.

Felix. Ye have the writings.

• *Fea.* I, I warrant thee wench.

Clutch, Say you so too.

Felix. Yes truly Sir, I am of my Sisters mind.

• *Fea.* The writings Sir are firm, Pray think upon the Covenants.

• *Cap.* You shall have honest dealing of us, we will perform.

Clutch, Why these were your men.

Fea. Yes truly Gentlemen, we spoke, and pleaded for you.

Mo. They are two Prodigals, his name is *Featherbrain*, his *Pennylefs*.

Clutch, *Featherbrain*, (passion of my heart) his name I do (almost) remember, have not I a morgage of yours Sir.

Fea. Yes truly Father, and I hope you'll return it when I have married your Daughter.

Clutch, Hell and vexation on you.

Clutch, Oh do not curse, do not curse, we'll prove true blades, nere fear it.

Cal. Oh for a couple of daughters more.

in his ear.

Clutch, Hell take thee for a *Jewel*, how am I cheated set on by spend-thrifts, whose licentious games wast in a year, more then their Ancestors got in five ages.

Fea. Come rail not on us, nor disturb your thoughts, what we have been we are not, poverty the Prodigals excretion, hath been

been a Caveat to admonish us, how being blest agen (as now we are) we spend our time in such loose revellings.

Mo. I would but cannot grieve, I know 'tis fit,

Money like danger, ought, to be us'd by Wit.

And my presaging soul, tells me that he.

Will use his wealth as wise men industry.

Cred. I cannot speak in Golden Numbers, like my Ningle Money, but I mean as well, let that pray have acceptance.

Clutch, I never had (in my life) a fit so strange as this which in my bosome opperates me thinks that these attonements please me well, and all the world could not periwade my mind, to better choyces, than my Daughters make, accept them pray, with them my most of wealth.

Ambo. We thank you Sir.

Clutch, Come lets to Church, you *Callumney* I banish, you were my evil *Jenius* prompted me to deeds most vile.

Which now I do repent, and now let's in,

And may the end crown what we now begin.

FINIS.

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